

Religious Department.

Rev. J. W. MALCOLM, Editor.
For the Monitor.
BURIED.

It was a pleasant picture on which the summer sun looked as he smiled his good-night through the leafy branches of the maple trees by the cottage door, and a little child sang gaily her bird-like song as the twilight came on. The cottage needed no sweeter music than her laughing voice, but ere the morning dawned on the earth again, the angels bore her away to their starry home, away from her loved and loving ones and they speak of her as "buried" now.

A youth went forth from his childhood home strong hearted and earnest, the love of the true and good went with him as a benediction. Life was bright before him; the rolling billows of the ocean charmed him with their many voices chanting forever of mystery, and he roamed afar in distant climes. Wealth came at his bidding, and fame and power. But there came an autumn day, under a foreign sky, when the light went out from the blue eyes, and strangers folded the hands above the still heart. The sad, solemn services of an ocean burial interrupted the monotony of life at sea; his pale form sank down through the dark waters, the restless waves wrapped him in a shroud of mossy fabric, and the cool, pearly chambers of the sounding sea received him to rest.

Thus it is: the waving grass of every land, the tossing waves of every sea are above the loved and cherished of mortals.

And not in the material world alone are graves made, they are scattered all along the path of life, in the realm of the soul, often-times without inscriptions on the headstones, for the heart would feign forget the sad forms lying there. Perchance they were gentle whisperers of admonition to which the stubborn heart refused to listen, but buried them, away from sight. Maybe they were half-formed resolutions of good, which pride crushed down. Buds of hope were they, which never blossomed, birds of song, whose pinions tired, ere their warbling woke the life latent music of the soul.

Reader, how is it; are those strict principles of earth and integrity with which you started out in life, still yours, or are they buried under mountains of worldly policy? Do you number the counsels of that mother who sleeps under the bending willow, are her faithful instructions lost, or are they molding your character yet?

The precepts, the example of that father, gone to the better land, what of them; are they buried with him in his quiet grave, or do they live, embodied in your life, directing and controlling your ways, and shaping your destiny? You who abound with the good things of this life, what has become of that pity for the poor and suffering, that benevolence toward the needy, which characterized you in your own days of poverty? Ah, sad day for you, when wealth increased, and you set your heart upon it, when the generous impulses of your nature were overwhelmed, and borne down by that flood of selfishness, which now possesses you, so entirely.

Where are your talents, O, idle one, who sit with folded hands, while the harvest is white and the laborers are few. Where are those energies that should be active in the Master's work? Alas, for you, that for these years, they have been rusting away under the damp mists of neglect and idleness.

Friend, is it you, whose noble thought, whose faith and gentle charities, whose sympathy and tenderness for the weak and erring, whose love for God and humanity are not buried? Then happy are you, thrice happy in the possession of treasures with which those of a monarch cannot be compared.

BRULAH.

ACTS THAT TELL.

BY THE REV. J. L. HARRIS.

BAPTIZED POCKET-BOOKS.—It is said of Mr. Boynton, a most worthy and excellent member of the Baptist church, Berlin, Illinois, and a native of Vermont, that when going into the water to receive baptism, some years since, it was suggested that his pocket-book be taken out of his pocket during the administration of the ordinance. "No," was the reply, "I want my pocket-book baptized with me!" He is now a wealthy farmer, and gives liberally to every good cause, having recently offered \$50 for the purchase of an organ for the church and Sunday-school. The church and Sunday-school wait more baptized and converted pocket-books!—S. S. Times.

DOING GOOD.—There is a book called "A Hundred Ways of Cooking Eggs," and a very clever man or woman cook, he or she must be who could find out such a variety. Now, there are many hundreds of ways of doing good, and if you cannot find them out, I could give you a recipe or two. If you have money, feed the poor and do good. If you have none, feed the sparrow in the winter, and there is something done. If you can preach, be diligent in your ministry; but they who teach babies do good as well as you. There is a sweet smell in little violets, and I have heard choice songs from birds I could not see. If you cannot place a fountain by the roadside you may be able to mend the leaky cup out of which the traveler drinks. It need not be a great thing; he who gives a cup of cold water to a disciple has a promise of reward as surely as if he had prepared a great feast.—Spurgeon's Almanac.

Are you a Christian? If so, improve every favorable opportunity to recommend the religion of Jesus to those with whom you associate. Are you doing this? How long have you lived by that unconverted neighbor without speaking to him about his soul? A whole year, perhaps five! If he should die suddenly, and in his sins, how would you feel when you come to stand at his coffin-side? A word from you at one of the thousand opportunities you have had, might have saved him. One invitation might have brought him to the Savior, but alas! you never gave it.

How often have you passed by that group of idle boys without noticing them? Stop and speak to them. Invite them to Sunday-school. Take them by the hand and lead them there. Angels will rejoice at the sight. Speak a kind word to that sorrowing brother when you meet him; kind words can never die. Cast a smile upon that weary wanderer. It may keep his heart from breaking. Scatter smiles as you go, sweet smiles; they are brighter than sunshine.

It is the small things that go to make a great and grand life. The pious Dr. Bonar says: "Did a pious life consist of one or two holy deeds—some signal specimens of doing, enduring, or suffering—we might account for the failure, or reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things of the hour, and not the great things of the age. The avoidance of little evils, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions, little indulgences of self, little acts of indolence, or indecision, or slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations, aberrations from high integrity, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gaiety, little indifference to the feelings and wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper, selfishness, or vanity. The avoidance of such little things as these, goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.

"And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to little words, and looks, and tones; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness; little plans of kindness, and thoughtful consideration for others—these are the active developments of a holy and useful life, the divine mosaics of which it is composed.

"And he who will acknowledge no great great, save that which is made up of little great things, will find little in any bible characters to admire or copy."

PRAYING FOR OTHERS.—A habit of praying for others, as I have already said, keeps our minds on a higher plane than does always thinking about our own selves. It is true that our primary duties are to our own households; but take two households, one of whom is thinking kindly of all her friends and all her households, who is discharging every duty toward her children, and toward the members of her own family, but who every day contrives somehow to steal an hour in which she can go out on some errand of mercy—and another one who thinks of nobody but herself, or of no household but her own, and who never goes forth on any errand of mercy—between two such persons as these, is there not a very marked moral difference? Does not the public sentiment of the neighborhood place the one who is thinking of others' interests, not the exclusion of her own duties at home, but in addition to them, upon a higher plane than the other who thinks only of herself? Does not the public sentiment regard her as the nobler character of the two?—Plymouth Pulpit.

ASK MY WIFE.—A notorious character was converted. His former associates taunted him with being a hypocrite. He replied: "If you want to know whether I have got religion, go and ask my wife. I was a brutal vagabond, squandering what little I earned in drink. My poor wife at midnight could be seen hovering round drinking-places trying to get me home, and then I would curse and swear at her, and sometimes beat her almost to death. My children fled from me as they would from a tiger, and hid when I came into the house. Now I have got as happy a home as there is in the city, and my children watch for my coming. I have good wages, and I don't spend my earnings at the corner grocery. You go and ask my wife if you want to know what religion has done for me."—Christian Era.

MEMNONITES.—The Memnonites of Russia, who have a colony near Berdiansk, numbering more than 40,000 souls, are proposing to emigrate in a body to the United States or British America. They emigrated to Russia from Prussia several years ago, under the promise of the government that they should be exempt from military service, non-resistance being one of the cardinal doctrines of their creed. The Russian Government is not keeping its faith with them; and, therefore, they propose to leave Russia. It is forbidden, however, to a Russian subject to emigrate without the consent of the authorities; and, as the Memnonites have been a very industrious and productive community, the Russian Government is loth to let them go.

The teacher should remember that to some of his scholars he is the only teacher they will ever have. Teach everything good—manners, morals, religion; to be courteous, honest, industrious, chaste, to love their country. No teacher is worthy the name who cannot hold and interest all his class.

Agricultural Department.

I. D. R. COLLINS, Editor.

CAN FARMING PAY SUCH A TAX?

We are not thinking, now, of the Internal Revenue tax—which so many manage to evade—nor of our "State, County, Town and Road" taxes, which we cannot avoid. These are comparatively moderate, and somehow or other they do get paid, and the world still moves on.

There is, however, another tax, though it is not called by that name, from which few of us hope to escape, and which is entitled to the gravest consideration. It is cutting into our substance like a two-edged sword—on one side idleness, on the other extravagance. Worst of all, the sword is wielded by our own flesh and blood, by those who love us, and whom we love—by our own daughters.

The reader will please notice that we make no assertions in the heading of this article; we only ask a question. We are not, ourselves, prepared to give a definite answer, but we think there is at least grave cause for anxiety in the habits and tastes of farmers' daughters.

On our drive to town, this afternoon, we met three young women, daughters of three ordinary farmers—men who have the usual struggle to make both ends meet, and who practice the usual economies in their households and on their farms. These damsels were so dressed that at a little distance they looked like the daughters of the rich city people who board in our neighborhood in the summer. As they came nearer, it was plain to see that they had economized in material as much as they had squandered in form and color, and this marked a wide difference between their brighter exemplars. Yes, save as they might, there was not one of them who had not on her person—counting everything from "button-gaiters," to what Mr. Punch calls "Chignon-sense," and hat-feathers—the value of a first-class mowing machine, with resper attachment. If this were the end, it would not be so bad; but it is only the bad beginning. It is not only the capital invested in finery that tells on our fortunes, but the awful interest in the shape of renewals. A first-class two dollar "back-hair" we might stand, and do with it, but fashions change and back-hair wears out, and the next style is worse yet, and costs three dollars. And so it goes from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet; there is the same eternal grind that wears away clothing and finery alike. The more it costs the more we must spend in repairs; and your modern country miss, with her Harper's Bazar and Peterson's Magazine for the law and gospel of her attire, is very apt to be a sort of well-dressed mortgagee upon her father's farm; and to become a sort of ornamental mill-stone about the neck of the man who carries her.

Aside from all this we could call attention to the occupation of these girls. Too often we shall look in vain for the steady, cheerful industry of their mothers' times. If they work, they are half ashamed to be seen at it, and they rarely accomplish, from one end of the year to the other, a tenth part of what they are easily capable of.

In the "good old time," when farmers were none too prosperous, when the land was richer than it is now, and when the cost of living was far less, our grandmothers and their sisters were cheaply clad, they wore their own hair, the renewal of their gear cost wonderfully little money, and they worked like little beavers. If we can trust our grandfathers' account of them, they were as sweet and attractive and promising sweethearts as the more costly and less useful jewels of our own modern fire-dresses.

We are not grumbling, and we are not blind to the great advantages that modern civilization offers to the young of both sexes, as compared with those who have gone before; we only express our anxiety, lest the extravagance that is a perversion of our civilization has caused, and in the ruin of the hard-riden fathers.

If farming was but a moderately good business forty years ago, with the industry and economy of that time to help it, we fail to see how with the high price of labor, the low price of produce (comparatively), and the necessity for buying manure (that is becoming so universal), the farming of the present day is going to support a household of girls who cost so very much more than they come to.

—American Agriculturist.

PRUNING IN JUNE.—In your issue of Feb. 14, I noticed two correspondents asking for information as to the best time for pruning fruit trees, and D. W. N., of Cedar Hill, N. J., asserting that spring was the best time, as he had always practiced it at that time, and his trees had done well. I have been engaged in cultivating fruit trees for the past twenty years, and I have pruned apple and pear trees in every month of the year. If I could always have the time to spare I would prefer to prune in the month of June, for the following reasons: First, the wound made by the removal of a branch at this season will heal sooner than one made at any other time of the year. Second, very few water sprouts will grow after pruning, and the fruit which remains will be much larger in consequence. Any person who is at all acquainted with the management of fruit trees, knows that if a tree is barked in June the wound will heal in a very short time. To prune in June, persons should wear rubber or other soft shoes, to prevent barking the branches. My reasons for not pruning in the spring are, we generally have high winds and copious showers,

the winds dry and crack the new wound and the rain enters and blackens it, which it does not do in June. Water sprouts will also grow, which will have to be trimmed off every season. You suggest covering the wound with paint or wax; but every farmer does not always have these materials at hand, and in June he does not need them.—N. Y. Sun.

FARMER'S CLUBS.

WHAT THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED AND WHAT THEY MAY.

In a former article we referred to an expression of Prof. Welch, of the Prairie Farmer, to the effect that farmers' clubs as hitherto organized, were purely "fanciful creations." That the remark applies to only a limited extent, we believe a full statement of results would exhibit. It is but a few years since they became generally popular. A few have existed through a long series of years and the improvements instituted through their influence have been most marked. Better tools, better culture, the use of more manure, and better care in the saving of it, improved stock, freer social intercourse, and consequently greater refinement of the local society, enlarged views of the farmer's vocation, all these and more are certainly results more than fanciful. They are real and substantial. Of the younger societies, many of them were intimations, some for the want of mental force in the management, lacking the inspiration which originality supplies, have failed to perform their full work.

Others have done and are doing better, and as their purposes and advantages are becoming better understood their usefulness will also increase.

But there is yet more which may be done and which, by all manner of means, they ought to do, or be instrumental in doing. We refer to the organization of a general representative and deliberative body where unity of action may be secured. The farmers are considered the legitimate prey of the middleman and of the transportation companies. A correspondent states that "we are getting through the grange two horse cultivators which cost last year from \$30 to \$35 for \$19 and \$20, and stirring plows at a reduction from \$20 to \$14."

This means simply that fifty per cent. is added to the manufacturer's price in passing through the "agents' hands." The same abuses exist in the selling of our products.

The commission merchants, if reliable, get a full share, and if not, the discrepancy is even greater than in the purchases.

If all work together, it is in the power of the farmer's club to correct these evils, and to do so openly, so that the benefits may accrue to the general interest, whether a local organization exists in every locality or not.

We rejoice at the general awakening manifest all over the country in reference to these, our material interests. With a club in every township, a society in every county, and a State Society all in harmony; and with each class of said societies entitled to representation in a general congress, as proposed at St. Louis, what may not the farmer's club accomplish?—American Farmers' Advocate.

PASTURING ON CLOVER.—T. L. Shepard, Lowell, Ohio, says:—As I have been puzzled by conflicting testimony in regard to turning cattle into clover, particularly in the spring, and after a long and careful study, I have determined to give some rules so plain that the wayfarer man need not err therein, and here they are: 1st. Never put anything into fresh clover on an empty stomach.

2d. Never when the grass is wet.

3d. Never put them in when the weather is changing from warm to cold.

4th. Do not give any salt for at least twenty-four hours before putting in the first time, nor until the evening of the second day.

5th. Do not let them remain in more than twenty minutes the first time, after which they may run wet or dry with perfect safety.

Without such precaution there is danger of swelling from bloat, and valuable animals are often lost in this way.

When cows withhold their milk they are commonly in a dissatisfied state of mind, and therefore anything to draw their attention from this condition answers a good purpose. We have always succeeded by giving them a mess of food to amuse them while milking is going on, generally dry meal—so as to keep them long occupied. If they have sucking calves, let them suck at the time of milking. Driving them in a position so that their fore legs will stand on much higher ground than the hind legs, or on lower ground, counteracts the animal's attention, and generally succeeds. It is said that a weight, on the small of the animal's back, as a bag of grain, will answer, but we know nothing of its efficacy.—Am Stock Journal.

MILK.—According to a statement in the Atlantic Monthly, for Feb. the value of the annual products of milk is nearly equal to the value of imports for the year ending June 30, 1871. Milk consumed as food, at three cents a quart is worth annually \$275,000,000; butter, \$195,000,000; cheese, \$29,000,000; condensed milk, and whey and butter-milk used in the production of pork, \$10,000,000; making a total of \$510,000,000. So that from American cows' udders are squeezed every twelve months an equivalent to one-fifth of the national debt. All the greenbacks and the postal currency in the country could buy only four-fifths of it.



VINEGAR BITTERS.

Vinegar Bitters are not a fancy drink, made of Rose Water, Whiskey, Pure Spirits and Refine Liquors, doctored, sweetened, and flavored to taste, called "Tonic," "Appetizer," "Restorer," &c. that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Restorative and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refining and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, and reduce in a very short time.

No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, unless their bowels are not destroyed by mineral poisons or other means, and the vital organs are not beyond the power of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Congestion of the Chest, Distension, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bileous Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offspring of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints. In young or old, married or single, at all times of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence on the female system, that it is not possible to overstate the value of this medicine in the treatment of the Female System.

For Skin Diseases. Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Bores, Boils, Carbuncles, Itch, Scalds, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle will convince you of the most inveterate of these curative effects.

The Virtuous Blood. Whenever you find its impurities lurking under the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and clogged with impurities, and when it is so, your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will be maintained.

Grateful thousands acknowledge the value of these Bitters as the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Pain, Tape, and other Worms. Larkin in his treatise on many diseases, is especially directed to expel them. Says a distinguished physician: "The most common cause of the face of the earth's body is the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that they feed, but upon the humors and alien deposits that have been living monsters of disease. No system of medicine, no vegetable, or mineral, or chemical, will free the system from worms like these Bitters."

Mechanical Diseases. Persons engaged in Pains and Migrations, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, will be subject to pains of the Bowels. To guard against this take a dose of Walker's Vinegar Bitters once or twice a week, as a Preventive.

Bileous, Headache, and Intermittent Fevers. which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, and others, in the Savannah, Red, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, and our country during the summer months of June and August, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and drouth, are invariably accompanied by biliousness, and the humors of the liver, and other abdominal viscera. There are always more or less obstructions of the liver, a weakness and irritable state of the stomach and great torpor of the bowels, being the result of the impurities of the blood. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon the various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. Walker's Vinegar Bitters, as they will speedily remove the impurities of the blood, and the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Scrofula, or King's Evil. While Scrofula, Syphilis, Eruptions, Swelled Neck, Gout, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercantile Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Scrofula, etc., etc., there is in all other constitutive Diseases, great curative powers in the use of these Bitters.

Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters act on all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the blood, they remove the cause of the disease, and the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposit) are gradually removed, and a permanent cure effected.

The properties of Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters are: Astringent, Diuretic, and Cathartic, Nutritive, Laxative, Digestive, and Counter-irritant, Sedative, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

The Astringent and mild Laxative properties of these Bitters are of great value in the treatment of all cases of eruptions and malignant fevers, their balsamic, healing, and soothing properties protect the humors of the liver, their Sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, either from inflammation, wind, colic, cramps, etc. Their Counter-irritant influence extends throughout the system. Their Diuretic properties act on the kidneys, correcting and regulating the flow of urine. Their Anti-Bilious properties stimulate the liver, in the secretion of bile, and its discharge through the biliary ducts, and are superior to all remedial agents for the cure of Bilious Fever.

Portify the body against disease by purifying the blood with these Bitters. By purifying the blood, they remove the cause of the disease, and the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposit) are gradually removed, and a permanent cure effected.

Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

DR. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY does not dry up a Cough, and leave the cause behind, as do most of the cheap preparations, but it loosens and cleanses the lungs, and allows irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CLERGYMEN, LAWYERS, SINGERS, and all those whose occupation requires an unusual exercise of the vocal organs, will find this the ONLY PREPARATION which will effectively and instantaneously relieve their difficulties.

Beware of Counterfeits. Remember that the genuine Wistar's Balm has on the outside wrapper the signature of "DR. WISTAR" and the printed name of the proprietors, "SKIN & POWELL & SONS, BOSTON." All others are mere imitations. Examine the wrapper carefully before purchasing.

On Sale by Dr. Wistars for the Balm.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston, Mass. And sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

\$20.00 REWARD!

Lost somewhere in the town of Trarburg, Thursday, May 30, a State tax book, containing about \$1000 in money and four town orders. If the finder will return the same to S. W. ALLEN, Collector, he will receive the above reward.

Trarburg, June 3d, 1872.

Blacksmithing

—AT—

WEST GLOVER.

The subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens of West Glover, and vicinity, that he has taken the Shop at said West Glover, where he is ready to do all kinds of

Benjamin J. Martin.

West Glover, May 10, 1872.

CUSTOM WORK.

with Promptness, Thoroughness and at fair prices. West Glover, May 10, 1872.

SEMI-ANNUAL OPENING

—OF—

ROUND HATS, BONNETS,

HEAD DRESSES, &c., AT

A. J. CUTLER'S

Millinery Rooms,

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

—

The display will be unusually attractive, presenting every variety of style which the season affords. Miss Cutler has now as her room the most elegant assortment of Millinery Goods in this part of the country, comprising Hats of every style for spring and summer wear, Bonnets of sufficient variety in shape and trimming to please the most fastidious. Lace, Gauze and Grounds.

—

DRESS CAPS, ALSATIAN BOWS,

Chateau Brail, French Twists, &c., for the hair. Plain and colored, Ribbons, Green-Graze and Fancy Silk for Ties, Lace Edges.

RIBBONS OF ALL COLORS AND COLORS

—

The Flowers of the season are remarkable for their resemblance to nature, combining the loveliest shades of color with exceeding beauty of design.

Ladies are invited to

Call & Examine the Goods,

all of which will be sold at

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

MILK PANS!

—

MILK PANS!

Both pressed and of own manufacture. Also strain or pails of all sizes; open pails made of the

BEST OF STOCK

AND SOLD AT

LOW PRICES.

Large dish pans, stove pipe, ash pails, &c.

REPAIRING

AND

JOB WORK DONE

WITH NEATNESS

AND AT

Reasonable Rates.

at my shop at

Barton Landing, Vermont.

All kinds of barter taken, such as Dairy Skins, Rags, Copper, Brass, Iron, &c.

17-17

ALMON PROCK.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

JOHN LILLY has opened a

TAILOR'S SHOP IN NEWPORT,

where he hopes to be able to give the same degree of satisfaction to his customers as he has done in Barton Landing.

GUARANTEES GOOD FITTING GARMENTS

AND

Good Workmanship

in all cases. He will be

AT BARTON LANDING EVERY THURSDAY,

fast the store of

MESSES. AUSTIN & JOSLYN,

where he will

TAKE ORDERS AND CUTTING

for his customers.

JOHN LILLY, Practical Tailor.

Newport, Vt., May 5, 1872.